

Good Morning 359

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BORN TIRED?

They're Testing You Now

BRITAIN'S toughest shock troops aim at going without food or drink for three days and being able to fight after it.

That's Army news. On the Home Front, scientists are asserting that fatigue seems to be largely a matter of adaptation. Two British experts put a man accustomed to desert temperatures in a chamber heated with dry air to 250 degrees. For fifteen minutes they almost roasted him alive, but he afterwards showed no fatigue in mental and physical responses. A man accustomed to winter temperatures, on the other hand, fell asleep under the sudden change.

Now the effects of fatigue itself have been measured, and researchists are discovering what makes weariness.

The Harvard Fatigue Laboratory—G.H.Q. of the world's war on undue fatigue—is tiring to look at.

There are treadmills for rats, dogs and men; stationary bicycles and rowing machines, heat chambers to create lassitude, and sealed frost boxes to duplicate the conditions that wear down mountain climbers.

Athletes, college professors and students, and armament workers are among the "guinea-pigs" who have submitted to tiredness tests.

One old chap who jogged along on a treadmill, while the air from his labouring lungs went down one pipe and blood samples were collected from another—well, this old gent was 91.

Special expeditions were made to industrial regions. For hours on end workers submitted to weighings to show the amount of salt lost in perspiration, while its composition was shown from baths in rubber tubs.

Oxygen starvation, boredom, salt loss, are just some of the active causes of tiredness traced by weary researchers.

The links between energy and expenditure—why a young man may tire more easily than middle age, why a champion swimmer can outpace others—is coming to light.

The salt loss that creates tiredness was particularly obvious in overheated factories or during work at sweltering, tropical sites. It's easily defeated, too, by saline drinking water.

Lack of oxygen is the cause of another fatigue type—the tiredness experienced after hill-climbing or after a hard day's work. During a heavy expenditure of energy the body is burning fat and sugar rapidly, but it must have oxygen for the process.

Bad breathing can be almost as bad as being on a mountain peak in this type of fatigue. It is now proved beyond doubt that the blood of a well-trained athlete has greater oxygen-carrying capacity than the blood of an untrained man.

Tissue tests have shown that an athlete can also absorb oxygen faster. That's why an Olympic runner can keep it up for distances that would leave most of us whacked at the roadside.

Exact treadmill measurements have also shown that the human body is not the perfect machine biologists would have us believe. The efficiency of man is now proved to range from 16 to 20 per cent. for each 100 units of chemical energy consumed as food.

The Diesel engine and the mercury-vapour turbine

just two mechanical systems that prove more economical.

On the other hand, a man of 50 may show better results on fuel consumption than a man of 20.

Yet the more the researchists learn about fatigue, the more fresh problems there are to tire them.

Why is it, for instance, that a blood sample from a tired dog injected into a lively dog will promptly cause the frisker to slow down?

Why do people increase in weight when they refrain from sleep? One group of students under test stayed awake for four days while their weight increased continually.

The more tired they became, the greater was the weight in-

crease. When they were allowed to sleep, however, the weight increase vanished.

At the same time, the effects of tiredness last. One investigator, who had gone without sleep for four days, was subjected to psychological tests which showed a decreased mental capacity lasting for 14 days.

Absolute tiredness has effects resembling drunkenness. Speech becomes confused and thick. Simple mental tests cannot be answered.

Handwriting shakes and slithers and memory blots out. Eventually the subject develops a squint and may also see hallucinations.

Funny, isn't it, to think that if you work hard enough you might see pink elephants!

They were taken by a mutual friend, and, by kind permission of the minister,



A Surprise is on the way, L/S Sidney Hogg

LEADING Seaman Sidney Hogg, aged 25, will soon be re-living the happiest day of his war-time life.

His fair-haired, 19-year-old wife, Doreen, whom he married on March 11, has just sent him a grand pocket-size album containing "stills" of his wedding from beginning to end.

They were taken by a mutual friend, and, by kind permission of the minister,

there are impressive shots in church, showing the couple at the altar, putting on the ring, signing the register in the vestry, and also group pictures of the bride—charming in gown and veil—bridesmaids, page-boy, and so on.

Doreen herself, at her parents' home, 96 Stonecliffe Road, Manor, Sheffield, showed the "Good Morning" reporter a duplicate album she has kept for herself.

She had just returned home after a hard day's work in a factory, made a fuss over Peter, which she bought as a pup last year, and then changed from overalls to be photographed in the back garden.

"I know Sid will be thrilled when he gets the album, and I hope it will bring him luck," she said. Doreen, too, is planning another thrill for him. It is Sid's birthday soon, and he can look forward to receiving something which is Doreen's secret so far.

Sid will be interested to hear that Doreen played "McNamara's Band" on the gramophone. It is his favourite tune, and also that of his pal, Jack McClure, of Laughton, near Sheffield, who was Sid's submarine pal.

They were recently separated, and Jack has now been promoted to Petty Officer. They played the tune over together at the wedding reception—and what a good time was had by all! All's well at home, Sid!

To-day Dick Gordon presents his "Stage, Screen, Studio"

THE girl who is making THEN the big chance. A general Excuse Me dance, and our heroine was dancing about to present half-a-dozen high-grade pictures of top-flight stars.

SCANNING a number of RKO Radio posters of things likely to enjoy wide popularity.

A new co-starring team, Olivia de Havilland and Sonny Tufts, have been brought together by the same company to appear in "Government Girl," a story of war-time Washington, and is described as boasting an hilarious comedy basis.

Last in chronological order, yet ranking as a front-rank drama, "Gangway for To-morrow" will shortly be screened. Margo, John Carradine, Robert Ryan, Amelita Ward, William Terry, Wally Brown and Alan Carney are among the players in the feature. John H. Auer both produced and directed the new film.

Outstanding on RKO Radio's own production line-up is "Tender Comrade," which marks the return of Ginger Rogers to the studio where she has scored many of her most outstanding successes. In "Tender Comrade," Miss Rogers is cast as a typical girl whose husband joins the Forces while she takes a job in industry. Robert Ryan, the young screen man who scored notable successes in a number of recent RKO presentations, has the part of the husband.

The Wanger picture is "Eternally Yours," starring David Niven and Loretta Young, whilst the seven Hal Roach productions are "Captain Cau-tion," "The Housekeeper's Daughter," "Turnabout," "Elephants Never Forget," "Saps at Sea," "Of Mice and Men," and "Roadshow."

The four British subjects which Renown have acquired are "Java Head," "High Command," "To-morrow We Live," and "Intimate Relations." This group of films makes 26 subjects which Renown have acquired for distribution during the last six months.

BING'S voice is worth a million cigarettes, that is. Crosby very rarely lends his name for any advertising tie-up, but he took a few hours off from his latest picture, "Going My Way," to pose for some cigarette advertisements. The reason:

As Bing's part of the deal, the cigarette company are sending 1,000,000 smokes to troops overseas.

Sally Douglas



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"The Biter Bitten"

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 21

IT was, indeed, a curious spectacle to see these two men, at the windows of their several carriages: the one, surrounded by his guards, and all-powerful, the other a prisoner and miserable; the one going to mount a throne, the other believing himself to be on his way to the scaffold.

William, looking with his cold glance on Cornelius, listened to his anxious and urgent request.

Then, addressing himself to the officer, he said:

"Is this person the mutinous prisoner who has attempted to kill his jailer at Lœvestein?"

Cornelius heaved a sigh and hung his head. His good-tempered, honest face turned pale and red at the same instant. These words of the all-powerful Prince, who, by some secret messenger, unavailable to other mortals, had already been apprised of his crime, seemed to him to forbode not only his doom, but also the refusal of his last request.

He did not try to make a struggle, or to defend himself; and he presented to the Prince the affecting spectacle of despairing innocence, like that of a child; a spectacle which was fully understood and felt by the great mind and the great heart of him who observed it.

"Allow the prisoner to alight, and let him see the black tulip; it is well worth being seen once."

"Thank you, Monseigneur, thank you," said Cornelius, nearly swooning with joy, and staggering on the steps of his carriage; had not the officer supported him, our poor friend would have made his thanks to His Highness prostrate on his knees with his forehead in the dust.

After having granted this permission, the Prince pro-

panting for breath, silent, and his attention, his eyes, his life, his heart, his love, quite concentrated on the black tulip.

And, thirdly, standing on a raised step among the maidens of Haarlem, a beautiful Frisian girl, dressed in fine scarlet, woollen cloth, embroidered with silver, and covered with a lace veil, which fell in rich folds from her head-dress of gold brocade; in one word, Rosa, who, faint and with swimming eyes, was leaning on the arm of one of the officers of William.

The Prince then slowly unfolded the parchment, and said, with a calm, clear voice, which, although low, made itself perfectly heard amidst the respectful silence, which all at once arrested the breath of fifty thousand spectators:

"You know what has brought us here.

"A prize of one hundred thousand guilders has been promised to whomsoever should grow the black tulip.

"The black tulip has been grown; here it is before your eyes, coming up to all the conditions required by

the programme of the Horticultural Society of Haarlem.

"The history of its production and the name of its grower will be inscribed in the book of honour of the city.

"Let the person approach to whom the black tulip belongs."

In pronouncing these words, the Prince, to judge of the effect they produced, surveyed with his eagle eye the three extremities of the triangle.

He saw Boxtel rushing forward. He saw Cornelius make an involuntary movement; and, lastly, he saw the officer who was taking care of Rosa lead, or rather push, her forward towards him.

At the sight of Rosa, a double cry arose on the right and left of the Prince.

Boxtel, thunderstruck, and Cornelius, in joyful amazement, both exclaimed:

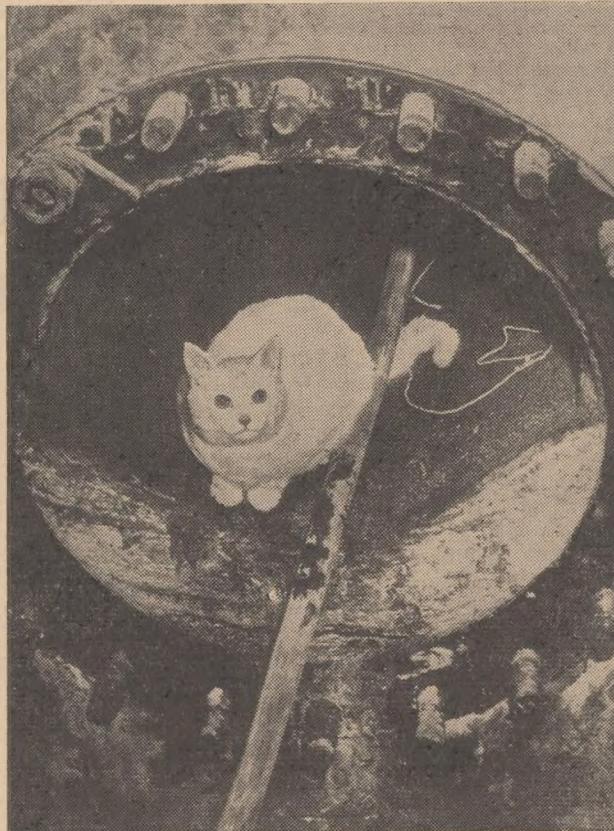
"Rosa! Rosa!"

"This tulip is yours, is it not, my child?" said the Prince.

"Yes, Monseigneur," stammered Rosa, whose striking beauty excited a general murmur of applause.

"Oh!" muttered Cornelius,

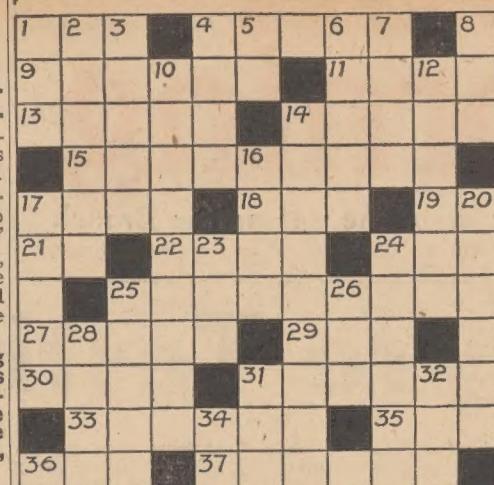
With Our Roving Cameraman



A CAT'S TALE.

You can call it a blasted cat if you like. For this white puss did what the engineers working on the Coulee Dam could not do. A cable was wanted to run through a winding 500-foot drain. Nobody could push that cable through. So the cat was roped in. They tied a string to its tail, then a rope to the string, and the rope to the cable. They sent the cat off, and sent a blast of compressed air in her rear. Thus encouraged, the cat did the job.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Sharp point.
- 4 Nomad.
- 9 Agreement.
- 11 Exaggerated.
- 13 Shin-bone.
- 14 Letter cross-line.
- 15 Beggar.
- 17 Fonder.
- 18 Weir.
- 19 Musical note
- 21 Remains.
- 22 Bird's pen.
- 24 Double.
- 25 Simple.
- 27 Spin.
- 29 Silence.
- 30 Possess.
- 31 Antiseptic.
- 33 Green.
- 35 Absorb.
- 36 Know.
- 37 Keen dislike.

DISH	PRIMER
EXCISE	SIRE
GIRL	GALLON
RAIDS	VELDT
E	BATHOS
EWE	ASH
A POTENT	A
CREEK	DATES
ADDOLED	MILT
SENT	AVERSE
TRASHY	SEEN

WILLOW, THE KING

"THERE is a willow grows aslant a brook," observed Hamlet's mother, and had her son been an English boy, with the love of cricket in his veins, he might have added, "Which is just where it ought to grow." You can't make a good bat from a willow planted in the centre of a five-acre field.

The quality of cricket-bat wood depends on speed of growth, and its growth depends on ground moisture. The olive-green salix cærulea which fringe so graciously the sweet-running rivers of Essex provide the best cricket bats in the game. It is, this making of bats, a local and an export industry.

Now the Essex Rivers Catchment Board have thrown a brickbat at the heads—or hearts—of all cricket lovers. The by-law does not permit trees to be planted within ten feet of a river, nor at less than thirty feet apart—with the sole exception of willows. But the Board have revised the by-law and removed the exception. Even at ten feet from the river bank, willows shall not be less than 75 feet apart.

The Catchment Board think in terms of drainage. The rural mill with its dam is an abomination. Anything larger than a primrose on the river bank is an obstruction. Their passion is for better and better drains.

Shade of W.G.! Surely he would drive the Board for six and drop them over the boundary in their own irrigation ditch. Perhaps the M.C.C. will do something about it.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

WANGLING WORDS

305

1. Put a musical instrument in INTE and make it uninjured.

2. In the following first line of a well-known lullaby, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het no abby portete backeryo.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HOG into PIG and then back again into HOG, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the hidden American State in: That plum is sour, I'm afraid. Try this one. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 304

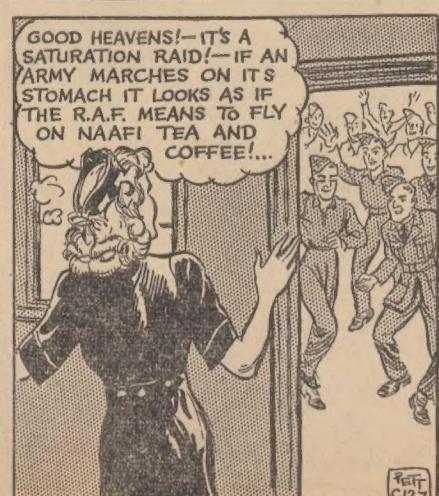
1. Tragedy.
2. When the cat's away the mice will play.
3. SHIP, shop, stop, step, sleep, seem, teen, team, BEAM, seam, slam, slim, slip, SHIP.
4. Ed-ward . . . Per-u.

QUIZ for today



"Twelvetrees! For goodness sake keep your mind on your work!"

JANE



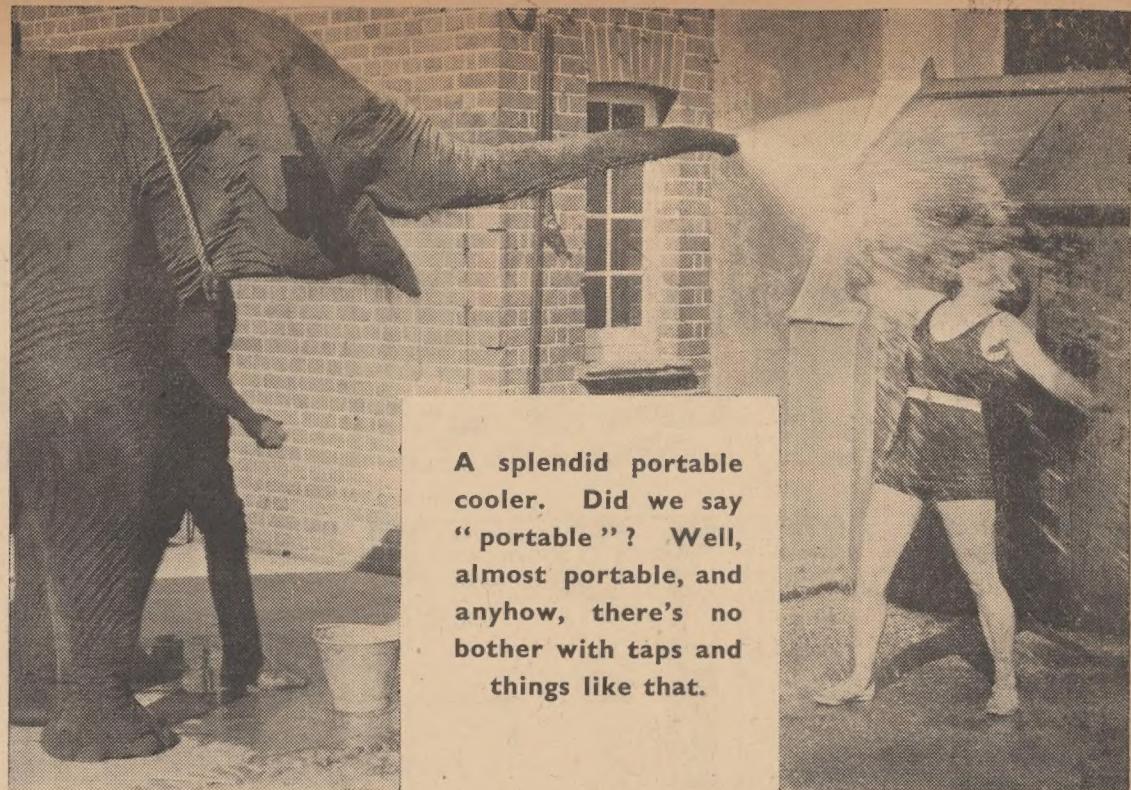
Answers to Quiz in No. 358

1. Young eel.
2. (a) Ian Hay, (b) Somerset Maugham.
3. April has 30 days! others have 31.
4. A brock is a badger; a brocket is a deer.
5. About 400,000.
6. 44.
7. Ochre, Octagon.
8. General Eisenhower.
9. Orion.
10. Yes; October.
11. 390 millions (1941).
12. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire.

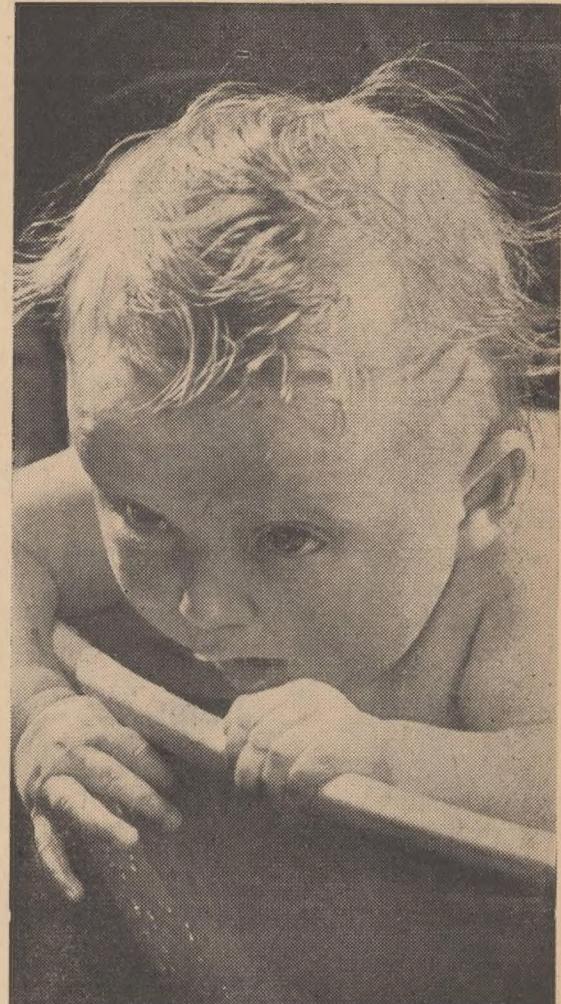
Good Morning



We don't know what kind of a Tyrolean get-up this is, but it sure suits Warner star, Joan Leslie.



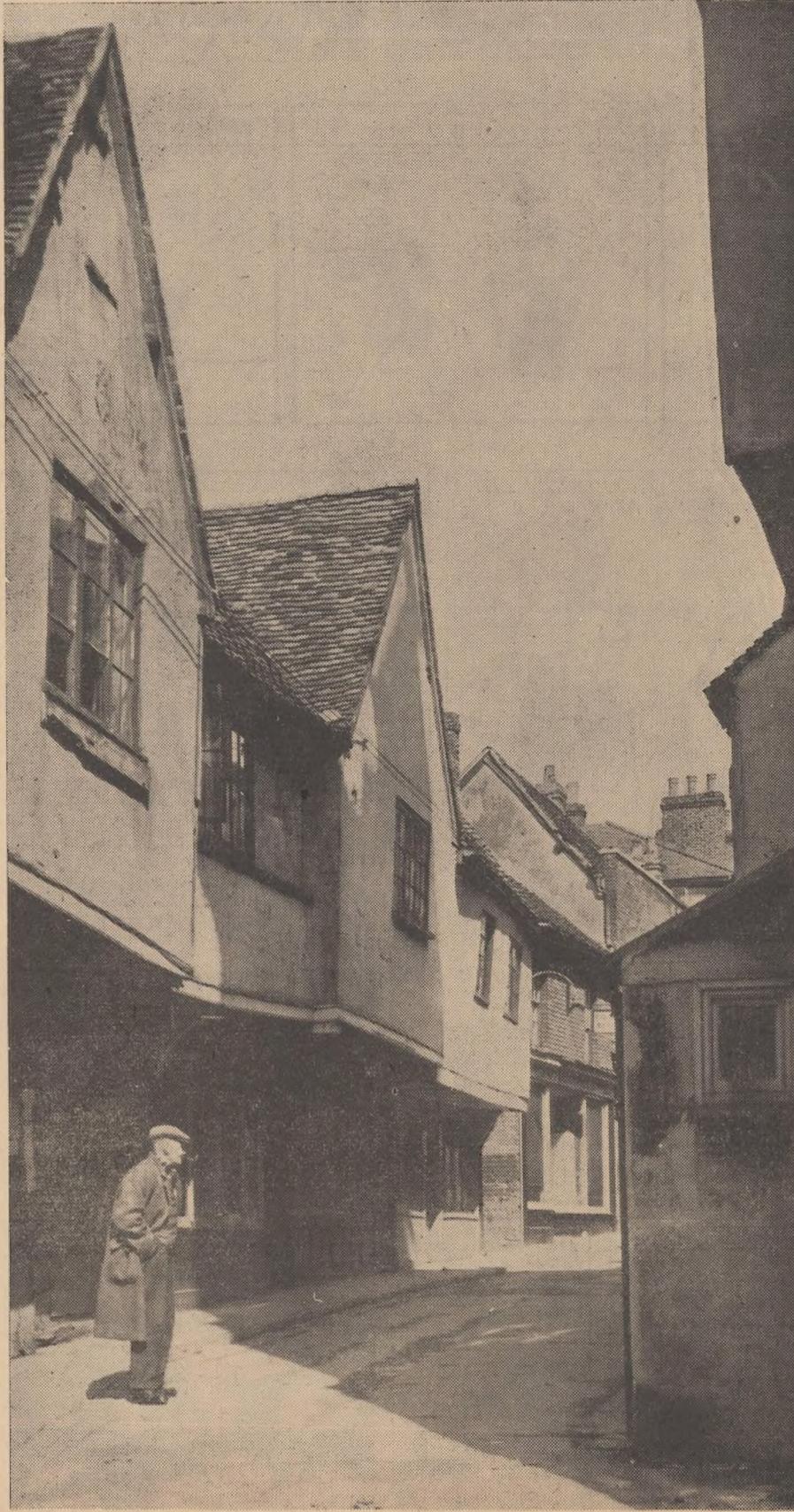
A splendid portable cooler. Did we say "portable"? Well, almost portable, and anyhow, there's no bother with taps and things like that.



"Ah, give me this kind of tub—provided they don't throw me out with the bath-water."



"Hiya, Pals! I've just come across three months' rations of dog-biscuits, and I'm all alone."



★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

THIS ENGLAND

The antique charm of "French Row," St. Albans, Herts.

"Baths? Look at my portable."